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Scoutcraft

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NO. 5





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See Page 8 for Word Contest—One Hundred Prizes

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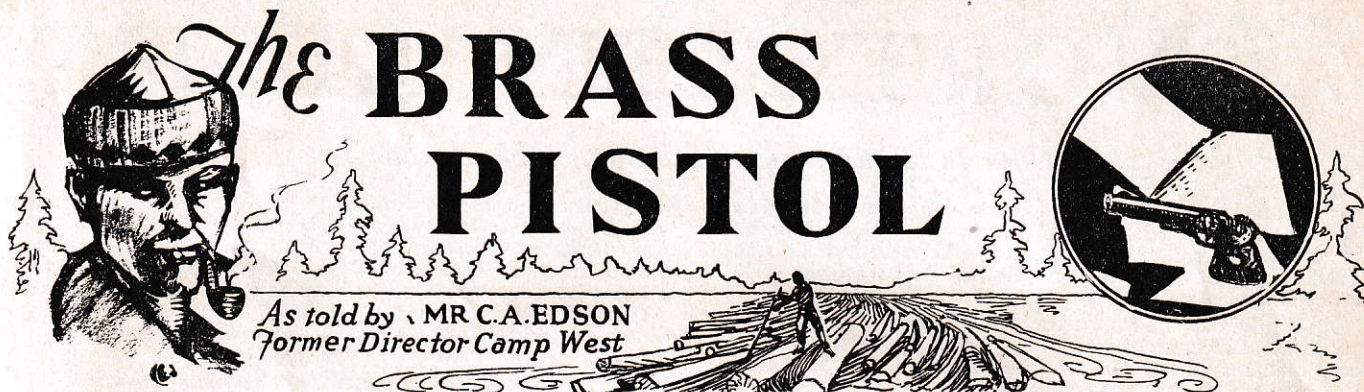
With the flags flying and the band playing, you and your troop are standing in line between a wall of spectators on either curb, awaiting the signal to start.

Are you prepared?

Are you properly uniformed?

Will America be proud of its Boy Scouts?

Better check over your uniform today and be ready for this great adventure.



*As told by MR C.A. EDSON
Former Director Camp West*

A SUDDEN, heavy downpour struck the city of Muskegon, driving people off the streets, and a considerable number took temporary refuge in the Occidental Hotel. Amongst these was a group of traveling salesmen who sat down in a corner of the lobby and began chattering first about the weather and then reminiscing about other storms which they had experienced. From there the conversation drifted by natural degrees to tales of adventure and then to tales of mystery. When these had been going on for some time, one of the men told of an experience which he had had as a boy.

He said, "There is one mystery that has been in our family for some thirty years. When I was a lad, I lived in the village of Whitehall and used to go fishing along the banks of the White River. While doing so one time, I was standing on the very edge of the bank slightly above the edge of the river when it suddenly caved in, having been undermined by the water. I got wet all over and pretty well muddled up, but on recovering my balance and starting to climb out on the bank, I was surprised to get a metallic gleam of something which had been uncovered by my foot as I slid down. I stooped to pick it up to see what it was and was very much surprised to find an old brass Derringer pistol of very curious design, which, when I later polished it, was found to have on it very intricate scroll work, and was apparently of German make. On finding this pistol I naturally explored around with my fingers to see if I could find anything in addition and succeeded in uncovering two or three bones which were apparently human bones, and an old beaded moccasin. I was, of course, very much excited at this discovery and immediately ran home and told my father about it.

"He got the sheriff and they came out and dug thoroughly around the vicinity and succeeded eventually in uncovering nearly a complete skeleton of a man together with a mate to the moccasin which I had found. They were unable, however, to determine any clue as to who the man was or how he had died so they gave the bones such decent burial as they could, and my father permitted me to keep the pistol as a souvenir, but we always have wondered to whom the pistol and moccasins belonged and how he came to meet his death. We at first supposed that it must have been an Indian on account of the beaded moccasins, but the appearance of the bones seemed to indicate that it had been a white man."

During the telling of this story, one man had been listening very intently, leaning further and further forward in his chair. On its conclusion he said to the speaker, "I am very much interested in your story and I wonder whether it would be possible for me to see the brass pistol. I have never seen but one of the kind which you described, and I should like very much to see whether this one resembles it. I wonder if you would be willing to send it to me and I will return it or I will be willing to go to your home at Whitehall to see it." The other man replied that it would not be at all necessary for him to make a trip as he always carried the pistol along with him in his grip. He then produced it and gave it to the other man to examine.

He took the pistol and examined it very closely, turning it over and over in his hands. Finally he straightened up

and handed back the pistol saying, "Well, that explains a mystery that has long puzzled our family."

"Some fifty years ago, my father was in charge of a lumber gang that was working on the White River. There came to Whitehall a Swede who was known only as Jense. He was a peculiar chap, never talking about himself and mixing very little with those about him. He signed up as a member of my father's group and went into the woods with him. He had very little to say and made few friends. However, he did have a knack of making friends with the Indians who frequented that region, and after some time a local chief presented to him a pair of beautiful beaded moccasins which he highly prized.

Jense was a man of quick temper, rather sullen, but a good worker, doing faithfully his share of the work. However, he was not willing to be imposed upon and resented being asked to do more than he felt was his share. He would come in from a hard day's work in the woods or on the river, draw off his heavy lumbering boots with their calked soles, slip on these Indian moccasins, and sit and smoke his pipe for a while before going to bed. He had no active enemies of which we knew, but he always by day and night carried with him a curiously designed and highly ornamented German Derringer pistol which was made of brass. We often wondered whether he was afraid of some enemy tracking him down and so perhaps carried this pistol for his self-protection.

One evening as the men were sitting around the fire, word came in to my father that the logs which we were floating down the river had started to form a jam and that unless this was broken up immediately a serious jam would form during the night. My father turned to Jense, who seemed to be best in a position to meet this situation, and ordered him to go down the river and break up the jam. Jense protested, but my father insisted on his orders being carried out. Jense got up suddenly and grabbed his pike pole which he would need to break up the jam and started for the river without stopping to put on his heavy calked boots such as are always worn by the lumbermen when riding the logs. He never returned and we never heard anything further from him. We had always wondered as to what had become of him, the general idea being that probably in his anger at being asked to do this extra work he had simply deserted the gang, abandoned his pay and struck off to find employment elsewhere.

"I can see clearly now, however, what happened. This pistol which you have found, is unquestionably the one which Jense always carried and the moccasins were his. He undoubtedly went down to the river, walked out on the logs to break up the jam, but being angry and therefore not cautious and having on the slippery moccasins instead of the heavy calked boots, a log turned under him and he lost his footing, went down into the river, and the logs closed over him and ground him into the muck where he remained until you found him years afterwards."

This story is the first of a series of adventures as told by old timers now living in the region of The Owasippe Scout Camps. This former lumbering country abounds in such tree stories and wonderfully interesting legends and experiences.—The Editor.

LOG OF THE NORTHERN LIGHT

4th Installment and conclusion, by Steve Ram

THE next day more boats came alongside, with a few Russian Cossacks in them. There were also a Norwegian trader and his daughter, whose boat had been seized by the Government for violating their trade law. He had been kept a prisoner there for several years.

During the day the ripped fores'l was taken off and a new one bent. Later, six walrus were killed. One of them, a large bull, measuring 11 ft. 10 in. in length, and weighing two tons, was brought aboard whole.

The ship kept edging around the ice, but to no avail, for the island was completely surrounded with heavy ice. It is cold and barren covered with ice and snow and although we were there in the warmest part of the year the temperature hovered around 15 and 20 degrees Fahrenheit. The Northern Light was the only ship to make the island for over 20 years. It is on the 180th meridian, in 71° 31' North latitude, only about 1,000 miles from the North Pole. There is nothing beyond but ice. Polar explorers have tried this route without success.

At Point Hope, Alaska, the crew attended services at a mission house near the beach, and had shore leave over Sunday. For the next few days, en route to Nome, the crew were hastily writing letters, so as to have them ready to leave on the S. S. Victoria, which would leave Nome at 2 a. m. Thursday. We were a half hour getting there with the mail, but the Victoria's captain held her over for us.

That day, the main trys'l was unbent and furled, and stowed away in the sail locker. The mains'l was then double-reefed, to be used in place of the trys'l. More fuel was taken aboard; that evening the Nome Kennel Club gave a reception in honor of the expedition.

The wind had hauled to Sou' sou'west and strengthened, making it necessary to anchor in the lee of Sledge Island, eighteen miles west of Nome, for that town boasts no harbor. After it moderated we left Nome again, with a taxidermist aboard. A stop was made at the Diomedes Islands, where we traded with the Eskimos.

For five days we cruised along the shores of Wrangell Island searching for an opening in the ice pack. The fog and mist which prevailed persistently made the search difficult. A number of walrus were killed, from the kayaks; the latter were made more stable by being lashed together. A seal was also shot, from the ship. Mr. Dahl, our second mate, and I got into a dory and harpooned him. He was soon killed and brought aboard.

During some of the nights, when the wind was not too strong, the ship would just drift with the ice; the wind was brought on each quarter alternately, by putting the wheel over. A strict watch was set to insure the ship's safety, as the ice could close in at any time and surround the ship.

One day some polar bear were seen. Their fur looked a dirty yellow, the midnight sun helping them stand out against the shadow of huge icebergs. A couple of attempts to capture them were made, but the whaleboat could not get close enough to them on account of the loose ice.

The whaleboat made a third attempt, and this time got into the heavy ice a couple of miles away from the ship. Extreme caution was exercised, as the ice at any time could close in and crush the boat. Several times our quick action only saved us from danger. The Old Man shot the first polar bear at a distance of 50 yards.

More bears were seen the next day, and the boat lowered, but the swell was so heavy that it was impossible to get close enough to them. There are no bear on the Northern shore of the island; they keep to the weather (South) side and live on the dead walrus that drift in with the ice-pack.

The walrus were plentiful, frequently we came across one with his ivory tusks broken off, presumably in battle. They must be shot and killed on the ice, for they sink when dead, unlike the polar bear, who floats. Of the latter, one was killed who measured over 2 fathoms in length. They are a tough and vicious lot as proved by the fact that it took nine steel jacketed bullets to kill one of them.

Three dashes were made to Wrangell Island, in all, it taking three weeks to get through the last hundred miles.

The homeward-bound pennant was broken out and flown. We arrived at, and left Cape Serdzekamen, Siberia, for the last time, after trading with the natives for ivory, furs, and carvings, for which they received tobacco, tea, sugar, gaudy cloth, and a good deal of jewelry (a la Woolworth).

Arriving at Nome, we did a bit more trading, and then refueled and provisioned ship for the journey South'ard. After a short visit to St. Lawrence Island, where a goodly number of puffins, sea-gulls, and other feathery specimens were brought down. Bogoslof Island was our next destination, where we went swimming in the crater lake of the volcano. It was steaming this time, as previously. The water was very salty and sulphurous, having a temperature of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, while the mud under the water was too hot for walking on.

The next day saw us in Dutch Harbor again, where we took on water, oil, and fresh vegetables. It felt good to see old friends again, for there was the "Haida," as sociable as ever.

After leaving Dutch Harbor I overhauled the whaleboat's gear, and reefed the lugs'l, in preparation for lowering after whale, for we ought to raise them soon; humpbacks, killers, and blue whales, and sperm on the edge of Davidson Bank.

A 75-lb. chicken halibut was landed in Morzhovoi Bay (in the Alentian Group), and also an octopus, which we cut up for fish bait.

The Northern Light was bound for Frisco. The four lowers were set; the reef being shaken out of the fores'l. The glass began to fall. The wind freshened, and soon it was necessary to shorten sail. The tack lashing on the jib parted, and a new one was clapped on. Extra gaskets were passed around the furled canvas, and the deck cargo was lashed more securely, for it had worked loose, as did the dories and whaleboat on the poop deck.

The seas were now continually breaking aboard over the quarter, and the pilot and chart houses were continually flooded. In the next morning watch a graybeard was shipped that did considerable damage. The deck cargo on the port side broke loose, and the heavy oil drums took charge of the deck, smashing whatever they ran into. The fore'ard launch davit twisted out of line as the sea struck the launch, filling and almost smashing it. The davit lifted out of its socket and split the rail.

The glass was still falling. Oil bags were put over the sides. The jaws on the foregaff snapped and the sail had to be lowered. The jib was doused; extra gaskets were passed around the mains'l.

We hove to for a while under the stays'l, then wore round and took the seas on the starb'd quarter. By Sunday the wind increased in volume to No. 10. Mountainous seas were making from the West, and the decks were continually swept by them, one of which nearly demolished the whaleboat, and poured down into the galley, putting out the fire and also our breakfast. We were making 8½ knots under the stays'l alone. The fores'l got adrift and more gaskets were passed. The steering was very difficult.

(Continued on page nine)

The EAGLE

by ~ ~ ~
DALE HATHWAY

A Serial Story of Aviation and Scout Heroism ~

PART FOUR

The Eagle had met with success on his many ventures because in addition to bravery, he was always careful. He wanted above all else to find the hiding place of the golden idol, but he realized that it would never do to deplete their supply of gasoline over a wild jungle country. He was just about to head back toward the coast and safety, when his attention was attracted by Jack, who was pointing excitedly off into the distance.

The Eagle's eyes followed the direction of Jack's pointing and far away he observed what appeared to be a white dot in the tree entangled forest. Experience held him not to be too optimistic. The white dot might be a small lake or a white patch of foliage or any one of a number of things. Nevertheless, it offered a sort of last hope and he headed the plane toward it. As they drew near he experienced a real thrill. The white splotch began to take the form and shape of a great mound of stone, on the top of which appeared a mass of ruined buildings. The needle in the haystack was apparently found. The goal they had travelled so many thousands of miles to find was at last in sight.

Soon the plane was circling the object and on the top of it Jack observed the tumble down ruins of what had apparently been a great temple. Although the roof had fallen in, portions of the walls were still standing. The remains of smaller buildings were to be observed and an atmosphere of desolation seemed to dominate the entire scene. Here was evidence of a civilization that had grown to greatness and passed into decay, long before Columbus discovered America.

The Eagle searched eagerly for some place to land. It soon became apparent that this could not be accomplished on top of the mound itself. Pieces of stone were scattered in all directions and in addition the space was too small to allow for a take-off when the time should come for them to leave. The mound stood in the center of a large clearing. That is, the ground was free from large trees, but smaller foliage and plant life was in profusion. Thick, tropical bushes, vines and weeds grew to a height of several feet and here and there splotches of vivid colored flowers were visible. No safe landing place presented itself. The Eagle pointed the nose of the plane upward and gained altitude in order to better view the surrounding country. He was rewarded by the sight of an open space about five miles distant and running along the edge of a small stream. He steered a straight course for it and in a few minutes they

observed what appeared to be a long stretch of hard, dry ground. Evidently the river had receded from flood stage leaving at this particular point, a deposit of mud. The hot sun had baked this to almost brick-like hardness. It was not, by any means, the best landing field in the world, but it was the only one available and our friends decided to make use of it.

The Eagle brought the plane to the ground with remarkable skill and, after an anxious few moments of rough going, it came to a stop.

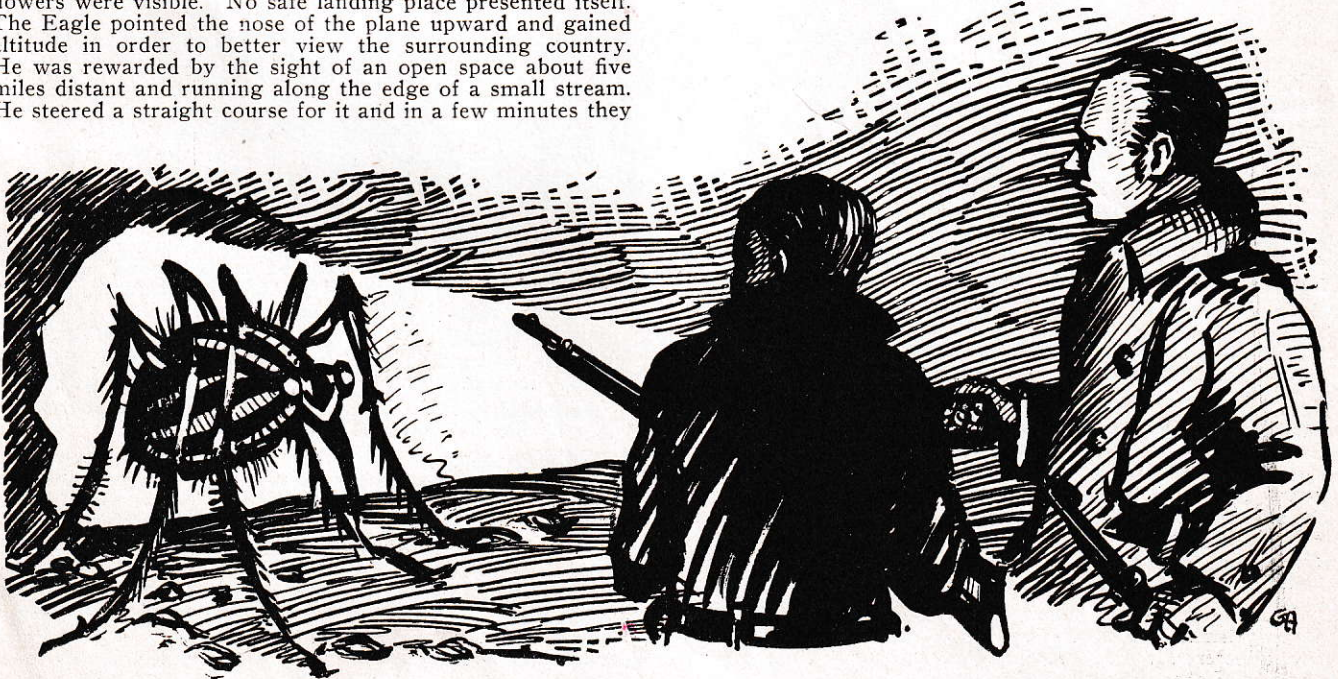
Jack was so stiff from sitting in one position for so long a time that he was hardly able to climb to the ground. He was soon followed by Frank and as the two young adventurers stretched their cramped muscles, they looked about them with interest.

On one side was a small, sluggish stream whose chocolate colored water hardly seemed to flow, so slow was the current. A great cloud of tiny insects winged their way over the river and amongst them were many butterflies of brilliant hue. The mud deposited along the bank extended inland for perhaps fifty yards. Then there arose abruptly the almost impregnable walls of the jungle. It was late afternoon and the heat was intense. The sun, about to descend below the horizon, turned the western sky into a glorious riot of color.

The Eagle stood for a minute and let his eyes take in the splendid picture. Then turning to Jack, he said: "Well, old fellow, here we are; so near and yet so far. There is at least five miles of the stiffest kind of jungle travel ahead of us before we can reach the ruins. Hard enough to do in day time, and darkness is nearly upon us. We had better get a fire started and camp here for the night. You go and gather plenty of wood while I set the tent up."

Jack agreed that the plan suggested was a good one and so set about his task. Along the edge of the stream were large quantities of driftwood and Jack made a number of trips back and forth. On the last of these he approached what he took to be a great log. As he drew near he was startled to see the "log" move. The end of it seemed to open

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Theodore Shearer, Editor

Officers and Executive Staff

R. Douglas Stuart.....	President
Laurence B. Robbins.....	Chairman Executive Board
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CITY WIDE COURT OF REVIEW

MAY

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, May 23rd, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, May 16th.

JUNE

EAGLE and PALM Court of Review, WEDNESDAY, June 27th, at SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, 37 South Wabash Avenue, Room 905, at 6:30 P. M. APPLICATIONS must be filed at HEADQUARTERS on WEDNESDAY, June 20th.

OUR COVER THIS MONTH

A tree house for a summer residence. How does that sound, Scout? Our cover this month will become an actual fact in eight more weeks. The tree houses are to be the summer residences of those Scouts in the Older Boys Advance Camp who select Nature Work as their specialty for a period. Another group will specialize in Water Work and Seascouting. They will be housed in white wall tents on the beach. The Indians in teepees, the Engineers in Adirondack shelters, the Nomads will roam the woods, with pup tents or hastily constructed shelters for coverage.

TROOP NEWS FROM 747

Troop 747 held its first "Annual Parents' Night" Thursday, April 12. This evening will be set aside each year to further acquaint the parents of the Scouts with the work that is being accomplished in the troop. The program opened with "TO THE COLORS" blown by Harold Philpott. Fire by friction, first aid, drilling, and signaling by flashlight and flag were the main events. The program ended amid roars of applause when the "Scout Oath" was given and "TAPS" blown. The audience departed with a feeling of contentment and a better knowledge of Scouting.

Much credit for this wonderful program goes to Mr. R. J. Engelsman, Scoutmaster; Mr. J. G. Tampa, assistant Scoutmaster; Mr. L. N. Asmus, junior assistant Scoutmaster and Mr. Fisher, troop committeeman.

SPRING CAMPERS DIG IN

In special cars over 100 older Scouts departed from the Grand Central Station amidst yells and uproar that shook the great rafters of the old building.

The departure was noteworthy for two things. First it was the largest bunch that ever left for Spring Camp. Second, for the first time a group of Owasippe campers moved to camp by railroad. Many have gone by rail it is true, but oh what a different rail!

They were headed for a week's fun and constructive work at old Owasippe. Most of the work is to be done at Blue Lake, especially at the new camp for older Scouts.



AT CAMP

Canoe trips and Nomad hikes still seem to be the big recreation for Spring Campers. The canoe trip this year consisted of a trip starting at Scott's gully, past the Sugar Bowl, the County Line Bridge, Duke's Island, Horseshoe Bend, into Cleveland Creek to a point near the old Three S Club. From there a portage to Blue Lake and then back to camp.

Twenty thousand pine seedlings were planted as part of the conservation work.

Watch next month's Scoutcraft for a story of the adventures of the "he-men."

Spring Campers planted 20,000 trees. The trees in the background were planted four years ago.

CAMP DICTIONARY

By A. Nut

COT—An article of furniture with a head and a foot (which differs from those of a human being). Contains a squeak on either side and a huge drop in the middle into which one is apt to sink. Some species contain rollers, which roll one outside at every opportune moment.

DIRT—A substance which has the peculiar quality of being able to keep a camper from getting perfect in inspection. Always found in unexpected places, to-wit, under the bed and upon the blankets.

SUIT CASE—Week days used as a dwelling place for surplus clothes which cannot be put elsewhere during inspection. On Sunday it is a model of neatness, although the leaders do not seem to think so.

WASTEBASKET—Contains four sides and a weak bottom. In this way the trash contained within is invariably let out upon the clean tent floor at just the wrong time.

FLASHLIGHT—Looks like a gun and is noted for always having something the matter with it.

INK—A running liquid that would be much improved if it could be made tamer and thus stop running to some extent.

LETTER—A letter is an epistle which no one wants to write, but everyone has to write if they want their food. Directions for writing: (1) Get out a pen and blotch up a whole sheet of paper; bugle for lunch then blows and letter is unfinished. (2) Go to lunch and make violent excuses which end in your getting dessert at least. (3) Write the epistle all over again, but this time have the brains to use a pencil.



MOSQUITO NETTING—A white stuff used to keep the little mosquito insects from enjoying their midnight meals on the campers.

CAMP SHOES—Camp shoes are footwear (how did I know it?) that one really likes to wear, except for the fact that one is supposed to.

SOAP—Soap is a gooey material used for the purpose of making clean a dirty article. We think of it most often as making a flying leap from the dock to the cool depths of the lake on a windy day.

SICK CALL—An excuse to get out of fatigue duty.

TAPS—A signal to make as much noise as possible so that the "Wampus Kitties" will stay in the woods, and refrain from attacking the little campers.

KITCHEN POLICE—A chance to get thirds, fourths, and fifths on dessert.

MORNING DIP—Breaking up of ice on surface of lake, thereby making it possible for the fish to view the scenery.

OLD TIME LEADERS TO BE BACK

Good news—fellows! A number of last year's specialty men and experts have been secured for the Owasippe staff this summer.

Mr. H. W. Haun, for the past six years Camp Director of the St. Louis Scout Camp, will be Chief Camp Director. He will be assisted by Ted Shearer who is the most experienced camp leader on our staff, having been at Owasippe for a number of years. Captain Mayhew, without whom camp could not operate, will be on hand to see that we all get the right kind of food and plenty of it.

X. Y. Z. is to again head up the swimming program. He will attend, along with the other swimming directors, the Red Cross Swimming, Life Saving, and Canoeing Institute at Lake Delavan, and we know he will bring back many new ideas and stunts to be used in the waterfront program.

We certainly hope Reverend St. John will be with us again as Camp Chaplain.

A number of other famous Owasippe leaders are making application for positions, and from all indications about seventy-five per cent of the leaders will be old-timers.

It will be your loss not to have had the privilege and opportunity of associating with these and the many other splendid leaders who are going to be at camp this summer.

TOPEKA TROOP CLAIMS EAGLE SCOUT RECORD

Sixteen Members Out of 65 Hold Highest Rank Badges

Topeka, Kan., April, 17.—(AP)—Members of the Boy Scout troop sponsored by the First Presbyterian church believe that they have set a world's record for the number of Eagle Scouts.

Seventeen of the sixty-five members of the troop have attained the highest rank in the organization. Ten of the boys are life Scouts, fourteen star Scouts, eight first-class Scouts, thirteen second-class Scouts and three tenderfeet.

Dr. William C. Menninger, Scoutmaster and one of the original members of the troop, has won seventy-two merit badges. Four of the other Scouts have from forty to fifty-two merit badges each.

SCOUT PRESS ASSOCIATION MEETS

On Thursday evening, May 10, 1928, at 7:30 P. M. a meeting of the Scout Press Association will be held at the Community Hall of the Washington Blvd. Temple, 41st and Washington Blvd. The purpose of this association is to furnish mutual help to those troops having papers. Already five West Side troops have become members. Other troops in the Chicago Council having newspapers, bulletins or other publications appearing at regular intervals are eligible for membership and are invited to join.

Troops interested should correspond with Wm. Tornheim, Sec'y., 4246 West End Ave., Chicago.

(THE EAGLE—Continued from page five)

and he was gazing into the ugly tooth lined mouth of a big crocodile. For a moment Jack stood rooted to the spot. His next thought was the revolver strapped at his side. Before he could draw it the beast turned and with hardly a sound disappeared into the stream. Jack lost no time in getting back to camp. By the time he arrived the Eagle had erected the tent and started a fire. He evidenced no surprise on being told of his friend's adventure. "I am afraid," he said, "that we must undergo many dangers before we succeed in our quest. The trip through the jungle will be fought with peril, and who knows what is in store for us at the lost temple. We must be very cautious and careful."

To Jack was delegated the job of camp cook. Here his Boy Scout training stood him in good stead and he soon had a plain but excellent meal prepared. By the time they had finished eating it was almost dark and swarms of mosquitoes were attracted by the firelight. They lost no time in attacking our friends in a most vicious manner. The Eagle had prepared for just such an emergency and making his way to the tent he returned with helmets made of netting and with gloves. When these had been donned the annoyance ceased.

After they had finished their meal they sat by the fire discussing their plans for the next day. Suddenly they were brought to their feet by a frightful cry that almost turned Jack's blood to water. The Eagle grasped his rifle and stood ready for defense. He had recognized the sound as the scream of a giant jungle cat, probably a jaguar or puma. Again the sound made the night hideous and as Jack looked toward the spot from which it seemed to come, he observed the eyes of the beast glowing in the darkness. Other night prowling animals began to stir about and soon the jungle seemed filled with life and motion and untold dangers.

The Eagle was quick to take action. With Jack's help a ring of fires were established in a small circle around their camp. He knew from experience that fire presented a barrier that even the most blood thirsty beast would hesitate to pass. Inside of the blazing ring he felt comparatively safe. On his suggestion they divided the night into two equal watches. Jack was to stand guard for the first half and the Eagle the second.

To say that Jack was strictly at ease would be to stretch the truth. He was not afraid, but he could not help but be nervous. He was constantly on the alert and frequently replenished the fires with fuel. Nothing out of the ordinary happened, however, and the time soon came for him to awaken his companion. The Eagle relieved him and he went into the tent and crawled between the blankets. Over them and with the aid of sticks, a sort of canopy of mosquito netting had been erected. Jack did not expect to be able to sleep, but he was more tired than he realized and was soon lost to consciousness.

When the Eagle awakened him the sun was just over the horizon. They made a rapid toilet and lost but little time in preparing eating breakfast. When this was finished they packed everything not to be taken along, into bundles and stowed them in the plane for safe keeping. They hoped to make the trip to the temple and back the same day and they were travelling light. Their equipment consisted of a rifle and a revolver apiece, a strong coil of rope, scout axes and knives and a small amount of easily cooked food. They also had the helmets of netting and gloves as precautions against insects.

As they were about to depart, the Eagle said: "We will follow the bank of the stream away and then strike into the jungle. It may be that we will be fortunate enough to find an animal run going in the general direction we must travel. At any rate, be constantly on the alert and watch out for snakes."

For the first half mile or so the going was comparatively smooth. They made their way along the river's edge and the Eagle kept a sharp lookout for an opening in the tangled wall of trees, made by animals who came to the water to quench their thirst. Finally his search was rewarded and in a few moments he and Jack had left the sunshine behind them. The path presented rough going. Great roots grew across it here and there and hindered their progress. Occasionally a snake would crawl in front of them and disappear from view. Finally the path gave out and they were forced to work their way through virgin jungle. Their feet sank into rotten vegetation and a sickening, stenching

(Continued on page eleven)



SAIL HO!

On these Saturdays and Sunday mornings, tough looking eggs may be seen filtering out of respectable neighborhoods to congregate at the shipyards. Fear not! Election is over—it's only the Sea Scouts.

This spring the well dressed Sea Scout is wearing one dirty shirt, blue, gray or ex-white; one, two or three pair of pants (not necessarily his own) to match; and one disreputable yacht, watch or golf cap. Sweaters and sweat shirts of dull shades are optional. A black smudge worn jauntily on the starboard side of the nose, a dash of red or white lead in the hair or a tear in the seat of the first few layers of pants adds that certain "chic" to the costume. Perfume is not yet considered part of the Sea Scout toilette, but a slight odor of varnish remover is permissible.

The south side boats are largely ready for the water. Idler is in and the rest are waiting for the ways to be cleared. North side boats have a little more to be done and are taking more time. Two new cutters and a 16 foot dinghy will be added to the fleet this spring. The cutters are donated by the members of Columbia and Jackson Park Yacht Clubs and one will be kept at each club for training Sea Scouts in crew rowing. The dinghy was given by A. E. Bendalari, Commodore of N. W. Squadron, and will be at downtown harbor for the use of Nokomis and Renegade.



The Sea Scout Ship Revenge

This is a pretty sea goin' outfit—what! Mr. James McDonald is the Skipper. They have their winter quarters at the home of Lyman Anderson, 6117 Eberhart Avenue

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

The recent boxing and wrestling tournament on the Columbia Yacht Club, was the best exhibition ever held by the club, according to its official organ the "Binnacle."

The matches were certainly all good and showed an unbeatable brand of gameness and sportsmanship. Prizes will be awarded the winners at the coming rally.

The swimming meet is still pending. It has been strongly urged that an indoor meet be held in the summer, but nothing definite is known yet.

Much discussion on model yachting. Some effort is being made to work up a class of 5 foot "six meter" models. If this is successful, some keen sport should result. If a fellow can't yet sail in a big boat he can learn how by sailing a good model.

Eight

When answering advertisements please mention SCOUTCRAFT

SHIP NEWS

"John Paul Jones" recently became the third first-class ship of the 200 odd in the country. This makes it the ranking ship in the city. This outfit claims the honor of being first on the water this year. On March 14th a canoe explored the harbor under Bob Cairns. Rughe went out in the lake with the star "Nereid" on April 15.

"Corsair" was recently inspected by the Fleet Portmaster and rated high on the size, activity and conduct of the ship. "Corsair" is second class and has a membership of 40.

"Revenge" is waiting to put their squadron of 2 sloops and a yawl in the water. They were also inspected one miserable night and mustered 23 men in uniform and one new man without. "Revenge" is also second class.

The "Resolute," west side, is at work on its sloop, and is putting up the dinghy "Ingersoll" which they got for \$1. They muster a full boat's crew now and going strong.

"Kearsorge" is the name selected by a new ship of 24 boys now getting under way at the stockyards. Reports from Fleet H. Q. indicate that they are a likely crew, full of pep, ambition and fun.

"Old Ironsides" is in the junk business with a vengeance. The old pipe berths, canvas, lumber, etc., etc., off Nokomis was trucked and stored at their work shop. They have been working hard on "Nokomis", the new dinghy "Petey Dink" the Columbia Y. C. cutter and their own sloop "Renegade." Recently ten new members were initiated. Some of them can sit down already.

"Privateer" has given another life for the good cause. George E. Slade, first mate, has left to take command of the "Commodore Perry, 1812". The best wishes of all the fleet go with him.

"Quest" will be in the water by the time this is in print. She will be the earliest yacht out of dry dock this year.

"Idler" is undergoing a clean up campaign. The galley has been remodeled and the missing leaks located. The work is going ahead fast.

Lt. Pieper had two carpenters from the Naval Reserve down to measure "Nokomis" for a piece of stern forward, also some new planks and ribs. The faithful show up each week end and Charley Noble smokes up the place, as usual.

The Revenge had a fine new photo of their ship's crew, in color, at the show. They are all in uniform and look very handsome. Other ships, please copy.

It looks as though there would be some good model yacht racing next summer.

SPRING RALLY

A rally and grand inspection is planned to be held on the "Commodore", Friday, May 25th at 8 bells. At this time various awards, certificates, prizes and trophies will be presented and a rousing time is expected to be had. All ships in the fleet are expected to present themselves on that night.

EXCELSIOR SMALL WORD CONTEST

Come on Scouts. Test Your Spelling Ability. Start in this Word Contest Now.

100 PRIZES

- 1st Prize. 1 Pair Official Camp Shoes.
- 2nd Prize. 1 Pair Official Dress Oxfords.
- 3rd Prize. 1 Pair Official Play Shoes.
- 4th Prize. 1 Pair Official Service Shoes.
- 5th to 28th Prize. Ulster Official Scout Knives.
- 29th to 100th Prize. Boy Scout Scrap Books.

Contest closes May 20th, 1928. Winners will be announced in a later issue of Scoutcraft.

How many words can you make with not more than six letters in them out of the words

Excelsior Official Boy Scout Shoe

Start Now—Write Your Words Neat and Clear

Send to **BEN TEASDALE**

1718 Republic Building CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

1st Scout—What is the formula for water?

2nd Scout—H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O.

1st Scout—Why, where did you get that idea?

2nd Scout—Why, my teacher told me it was H to O.

A TOP NOTCH BUGLER



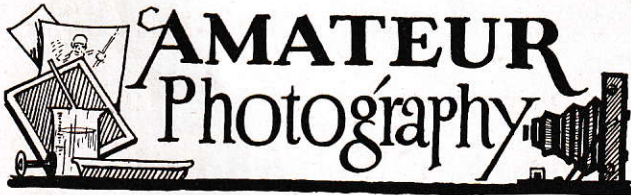
Eugene Ressencourt

Gang, this is Eugene Ressencourt, of troop 551. He is some bugler.

Gene has probably blown the old horn for more Scout functions than any other Scout in Chicago.

His specialty is "Taps." Oh, boy, how he can hang on to those last few sweet notes. His latest accomplishment was at the Spring Council Meeting.

Eugene is to be a bugler this summer at the Advance Camp for older boys at Owasispe.



TAKING CLOUD PICTURES

By Mr. A. Flesch, Pres., Central Camera Company

Almost everyone who lugs a camera around with them—especially if they have graduated from the Brownie class—has shot at a cloud-filled sky, told their friends what a wonderful picture they took that afternoon and when the prints were finished, discovered the picture to be as devoid of clouds as though none had been nearer than the North Pole. Certainly there is nothing more satisfactory than a good cloud picture.

There is nothing of luck about it, or chance, or "happen so." It is a matter of controlling the color of the sky with a piece of yellow glass placed in front of the lens. This is glass known as a sky filter.

During the last few years various devices have been put on the market to meet the growing demand for a satisfactory sky filter. The nearest approach to anything of the sort was found in a slip of gelatine cemented between two sheets of glass. The resulting filter was half yellow and half white, but the break in color was more or less abrupt and uneven. Neither was this gelatine at all permanent. The cement would fail in its duty, bubbles would appear and with these in front of the lens it was impossible to photograph.

In the Ramstein Sky Filter these troubles have been entirely eliminated. There is no gelatine, the filter being permanent as it is made from a solid piece of glass. Cement often destroys the correctness of a lens but with a Ramstein this is not a consideration as there is no cement.

The Ramstein Sky Filters are supplied in two different styles of mounts, one a slip on cap mount, the other an adjustable mount by which any degree of filter desire may be obtained simply by slipping the glass up or down in the mount.

No change of exposure (allowing a longer time because the filter is in front of the lens) is necessary as only the sky will be retarded. The exposure for the foreground will remain the same.

In the Ramstein will be found the true citron color so necessary in rendering sky values if cloud effects are to be photographed successfully.

Don't fail to have a Ramstein fitted to your camera. By its aid you will be able to fill up the blank space at the top of your pictures and the clouds that are escaping you at present will be yours for the snapping.

Log of the Northern Light

(Continued from page four)

By Monday noon the gaff jaws were repaired and the fores'l and jib were set; the former, double reefed, as it had split again when single reefed in the blow.

By Thursday we were again carrying full sail. She would dip her scuppers under in the stiff quartering breeze, that tugged at her straining canvas and bowled her through the briny hills, reeling off a twelve-knot clip.

On Saturday, Sept. 10th, the pilot was taken aboard outside Frisco Bay in a heavy fog, and soon we were passing through the portals of the Golden Gate after a passage of 2,150 miles in less than ten days. A Seascout whaleboat, under sail, come out to greet us, through the harbor, teeming with shipping.

Sunday, Mr. Cahn, the Sea Scout Official of San Francisco, took us out for dinner and showed us the town. The next day Scout Executives Cahn and Hansen invited us out for luncheon at the Commercial Club where we met Mayor Thompson and Congressman and Mrs. Carr. Later on, the Seascouts talked over station K. P. O.

The ship was hauled up in dry dock and then laid up at Stone's shipyard, where the boats, sails, and supplies were unloaded.

On Sept. 19th, the train took us to Los Angeles where we saw Lindbergh. We again met Douglas Fairbanks and some other stars. "Doug" was presented with a large walrus tusk. He took us to the Chinese Theatre where we saw as much of "The Gaucho" (in which he stars), as we had time for.

The train left Los Angeles; our last lap home had started. A very pleasant cross-country trip was made, and, on Sept. 24th, we were back in Chicago.

(Finis)

For Camp or Hike take SNAP SHOTS

You can live over again the fun you have had in camp or on your cross-country hikes, if you will take snap shots

Let us help you in selecting the camera and material to make this possible. We are more than glad to help you solve your photographic problems

BROWNIES
\$2.00, \$2.75 and up

KODAKS
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24 hour service on developing with the finest work obtainable

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Send for our Catalogue



By The Radio Editor

It is the editor's intention to make this column of practical interest to every reader who is interested in radio. If you are in need of advice, or technical information, put your questions in a letter and address it to the radio editor. The answer will appear in this department.

OVERHAUL RADIO FOR BIG SUMMER

Take No Chances; Ball Season Here

By K. A. Hathaway

The coming summer will be alive with important events to be broadcast, and it behooves each set owner to make certain his radio equipment is in good working condition. The baseball season opens Wednesday with Hal Totten at the WMAQ microphone at Sox park, and with the exception of a few days the baseball games will be the feature of get the latest developments from both assemblies.

The national conventions no doubt will be on the air in June, and the broadcast listeners will want to be ready to get the latest developments from both assemblies.

Look Over Aerials

Set owners who use the outside antenna should look over their installation. After the winter is over the antenna wire usually is covered with a layer of soot, which, because it is a form of carbon, sets up a high resistance in the antenna circuit, and greatly affects the reception. The wire may be cleaned with a soda solution or a new wire may be installed.

Check the voltage of batteries included in the power equipment of a battery-operated receiver. If the forty-five-volt units are as low as forty volts it is a good plan to replace them, for it will be but a very short time until the fan will wonder what is causing that hissing sound in his speaker. Clean the terminals of the "A" battery. The corrosion which forms on the terminals, particularly the positive, adds resistance to the filament circuit and seriously affects operation of the receiver.

Get a Spare Rectifying Tube

If power units are used the owners will do well to provide themselves with a spare rectifying tube. While no difficulty may be experienced, there is no better insurance of continuous performance of an eliminator than to have another tube for replacement. If the eliminator is of the electrolytic type, look at the jars and see if the solution is below the point specified by the manufacturer. If so, fill to the proper level with distilled water, or, if you live in Chicago, with water from the city water mains.

Unless something goes radically wrong, the radio listener who has an emergency shelf of tubes does not experience radioless periods. It is well to have a spare tube of each kind used in the receiver. In some cases this will necessitate the purchase of two or three different types of tubes, but the expenditure may insure against missing some important radio program.

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BOOK NOTES

A few years ago some of us read in the daily newspapers of a remarkable dog. Three thousand miles away from home this shepherd collie had lost his master and his devotion carried him along the homeward trail for six months until he fell, faint with exhaustion and with worn, bleeding toes, at the beloved doorstep. Bobbie's story has now been told in a book by his master. It is a tale of courage and endurance and devotion that is truly great—and that is why

the book is called "Bobbie—a Great Collie." It is written by Charles Alexander and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. for \$1.50.

The call of the sea is an irresistible call. Be we land lubbers or sea sharks there is a magic in the salt wave that at some time or another pulls our very heartstrings.

"I must go down to the seas again, for the call
of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied."

If only we could go, but how few can? There are some books that fulfill to a little extent that desire. One among them is "The Cruise of the Cachalot," by Frank Bullen. It is a story of adventure on a whaling vessel,—adventure so real that one can smell the brine and hear the thrilling call, "Thar she blo-ows!" as one reads. There is an edition published by Dodd, Mead & Co. costing \$3.50 that is beautifully illustrated with pictures in color to match the spirit of the book. For boys who cannot afford this there is a rather nice edition published by the J. H. Sears Co. for \$1.25.

A book that deals with another phase of the sea is "Ships and Cargoes" by Joseph Leeming. It is written to reveal something of the romance of ocean commerce, and contains a lot of odd information about different kinds of sea craft; with the Kemble illustrations—just as Mark Twain himself of the world to almost unheard-of places in the tropics; the various cargoes which they carry, from coal and sugar to tagua nuts. It is published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., and costs \$2.50.

Of course, everybody knows "Huck," that old rascal of the Tom Sawyer escapades, and many even know his own "Adventures." But the more one knows him the more one wants to keep him just as he is, and that is why Harper & Bros. have just brought out this book in its original dress, with the Kemble illustrations—just as Mark Twain himself says it in print for the first time. What a character "Huck" is, and what a genius he has for getting into all sorts of funny situations, all the while being in deadly earnest about them! "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" costs \$3.50 in this new edition but there is also a regular edition by the same publisher costing only \$2.50.

In these days when so many marvelous feats are being accomplished in the realm of science and invention it is well to travel back along the roadway of man's great discoveries to see what kind of beings were they who were responsible for our present age of marvels. "The Young Folk's Book of Invention," by T. C. Bridges, published by Little, Brown & Co., serves that purpose admirably. It is also a handsomely made book for \$2.00.

Are there many boys who are familiar with "The Boy Scouts Year Book"? It is a yearly compilation, made by Chief Scout Librarian Franklin K. Mathews, of the best of the material that has appeared in the past year in *Boys' Life*—a large, attractive book, profusely illustrated. The 1927 volume is devoted entirely to sports. There are stories and articles on football, basketball, tennis, swimming, hunting, and many other subjects, all written by the favorite authors of *Boys' Life*. Published by D. Appleton, for \$2.50.

The books may be purchased at BRENTANO'S

TELEGRAPH-RADIO

Serious-minded young men willing to work for nominal salary; will be trained for positions paying \$160 to \$350 per month as railroad telegraphers and radio operators.

Chicago Telegraph Institute

R. F. Turnell, Secy.

1338 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

STAMP LORE

THE MALAY TIGER

The tiger has found great favour with the designers of the postage stamps used by the Federated Malay States both before and after federation. The first "tiger" issues of Negri Sembilan, Pahang, Perak, Selangor and Sungei Ujong, current in the early nineties, present a half-length portrait of the animal springing forth from a thicket of tall grass. If this portion of the design of these stamps had been printed in natural colours, it would have shown how beautifully the tiger's striped coat harmonises with the dark green and brown and yellow grasses and reeds of his habitat. The subsequent "tiger" issues for the individual States, made about 1896, display, in a simple, effective frame, a fine head study of this fierce yet handsome beast, in which the artist has caught very well the typical "tiger" expression, with flattened ears, baleful eyes and snarling jaws—an expression not unfamiliar in our own domestic tabby in the presence of a mischievous dog. The design for the lower values of the general issue for the Federated States consists chiefly of a full-length picture of the creature bounding with that wonderful, noiseless spring into comparatively open country.

The popularity of the tiger with the Malay stamp designers is due, in a sense, to his unpopularity with the inhabitants of that part of the world, in whose lives, from geographical causes, he plays a prominent and often a too active part. The Malay Peninsula is almost entirely a region of jungle, which stretches west and east from the central mountain range down to the very edge of the sea. Here and there along the coast and in the interior, Eastern and Western civilisation have cleared considerable tracts on which to erect towns and villages and lay out plantations; but always one dwells in the shadow of the jungle. In the jungle itself dwells My Lord the Tiger, who disputes with the Indian elephant the kingship of the Asiatic Wild.

The Malay tiger has not such a terrible reputation as his northern kinsman, the Bengal man-eater; but for all that he takes his yearly toll of lonely travelers and unwary villagers and unprotected cattle. He is an ever-present menace. It is largely on his account that the Malays construct their houses high up on a series of piles, preferably over water. Even on small islands off the coast the fear of him persists, for he has been known to swim narrow belts of sea.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, the tiger used to make up for his depredations by providing the natives with amusement, though this was involuntary on his part. He used to be trapped and liberated in large arenas, round which the populace gathered to watch him bait the sadang, the lordly Malay buffalo, much as Englishmen in days gone by looked on at the sport of bull-baiting. Usually the tiger got the better of his adversary; but at times the sadang's long horns got home in a vital spot.

The tiger being such a feature of Malay life, and the nearest haunt of the lion being in the Nilgiri Hills in India, it seems strange that the town of Singapore should be so called, for "Singapore" means "the City of the Lion." Perhaps the lion referred to, however, is the British Lion.—Gibbons Stamp Monthly.

THIRTY SCOUTS SAIL OVER CHICAGO



Thirty lucky Scouts earned for themselves a ride over Chicago in the gigantic fourteen passenger tri-motored Ford plane which carries passengers on sightseeing tours of Chicago. This plane is a sistership of the one which took Mrs. Lindbergh to Mexico and went to the rescue of the German fliers a couple of weeks ago.

The party went up ten at a time from the Municipal Airport, Saturday, April 28th.

GARDEN CITY STAMP COMPANY

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Superior Quality at Moderate Prices

Suite 314-16 108 N. Dearborn St. CEN-tral 5028

ONE DOLLAR

Just enclose a dollar bill in envelope, address to A. HIPPCHEN, 105 No. Clark St., Room 210, Chicago, Ill., mention this advertisement. We will send you a packet of 50 different U. S., a packet of 100 diff. foreign, a packet of 100 diff. precancels, a packet of mixed foreign, and a packet of a thousand hinges, perforation scale and a special premium of great value.

UNITED STAMP COMPANY

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Cancelled U.S. and Foreign Stamps for collectors

A large stock of Albums, Packets, Sets, Hinges and Supplies always on hand

1149-50 MARQUETTE BLDG., 140 S. DEARBORN ST.
CEN-tral 1930 CHICAGO, ILL.

(THE EAGLE—Continued from page seven)

vapor began to be apparent. Slimy things moved beneath their feet and at times coiled about their heavy shoes. A number of times they were confronted by heavy webs on which rested great bloated spiders. Venomous insects clung to their garments and thorns and brambles imposed cruel scratches.

It was a journey to try the soul of the most hardened traveller, but outside of an occasional rest they kept steadily at it. As they progressed Jack blazed the trail by notching trees. He realized the danger of becoming lost and was taking no chances.

(To be continued)

Books for Summer Reading

THE LONE SCOUT OF THE SKY, by James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America. "The Boys Story of Charles A. Lindbergh" \$1.00

HANDICRAFT FOR HANDY BOYS, by Albert Neely Hall (Lothrop) \$2.50

Two admirable books, the second continuing and supplementing the first. Instruction is given as to how to handle tools, equipment of workshop, and how to make things for indoor and outdoor pastimes—anything from cork toys to log cabins. Many suggestions as to how to earn money by means of handicraft. Many illustrations.

AMERICAN BOYS' BOOK OF BIRDS AND BROWNIES OF THE WOODS, by Dan Beard (Lippincott) \$2.50

Short tales and personal accounts of birds, animals, snakes, and other inhabitants of the woods.

AMERICAN BOYS' HANDY BOOK OF CAMP-LORE AND WOODCRAFT, by Dan C. Beard (Lippincott) \$3.00

Here's a book to fill with delight the heart of every honest-to-goodness outdoor boy.

SHELTERS, SHACKS AND SHANTIES, by Dan C. Beard (Scribner) \$1.75

Full directions for making everything in the line of shelters.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

A complete line of Stamp Albums. You will find here just the type of book you want.

Brentano's Book Store

The place where Scouts buy their books

55 East Washington Street

We are now in our New Home—remember the address

For Memorial Day

You will want a new uniform

We are OFFICIAL OUTFITTERS and have a complete line of Scout merchandise

OFFICIAL UNIFORMS

HATS	SWEATERS
SHIRTS	BELTS
COATS	NECKERCHIEFS
STOCKINGS	

And a large assortment of accessories

We have just received a new shipment of The Outdoor Service Outfit

Shirts, Shorts, Belts, and Stockings

Make your selection while the stock is complete

A Scout Special—Fire sets, complete to the last detail, with combination tinder and flint. For sure and quick results you will want the set. Come in and see it. A real bargain.....\$1.50 per set

Make this your Scout down-town headquarters

THE BOYS' SHOP

Browning, King & Company

Wabash at Monroe

Chicago



*Designers-Printers-Binders
Booklets-Catalogs-Publications*

638 Federal Street
Chicago

Loren Miller & Co.

The Uptown Square Dept. Store

Broadway at Lawrence

Attention Scouts!

Our Boys Section

Second Floor

Offers Complete Outfits

*for Sports, School,
Dress Wear*

*Also Regulation Scout Equipment
and Supplies*